

Stampin' Ground

"Bathe My Wounds"

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Sick of this shit
Been as low as I go
Now the tables will turn
Now everyone must know
The hunter's become the hunted
I will take you down one by one
No quarter will be given
Until this judgement is done

The last time that you stopped to think
You forgot to start back up again
Then you wonder why it is
I view you with so much ridicule
Well, all the seeds
Of hate you've sown
Are about to
Come crashing home

I swallowed my pride
Swallowed my pride once too often
I held my tongue, and walked away
I watched you hold your fucking court

A new disguise
A new disguise, the same old lies
If you think my hatred's unjust
Just wait and see how much I can give

Worm crawl away
Or burn in these flames
You cannot phase me
And I drink long and deep your shame
My very spirit is sick with hate
The desire for revenge eats me whole
You come crawling on bended knee
To taste my tender fury

I will not stop in this quest
To destroy all you have and love
If you think my hate's unjust
Wait and see how much I can give I sit clipping
The wings of angels

As they fall Forever smitten

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